



# FEATURE

COMICS

MICHAEL, I WAS TEARIN'  
THEM THUGS APART 'TIL  
THIS CLOCK FELLA SAVED  
THEM FROM ME!



No. 28  
10¢



**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



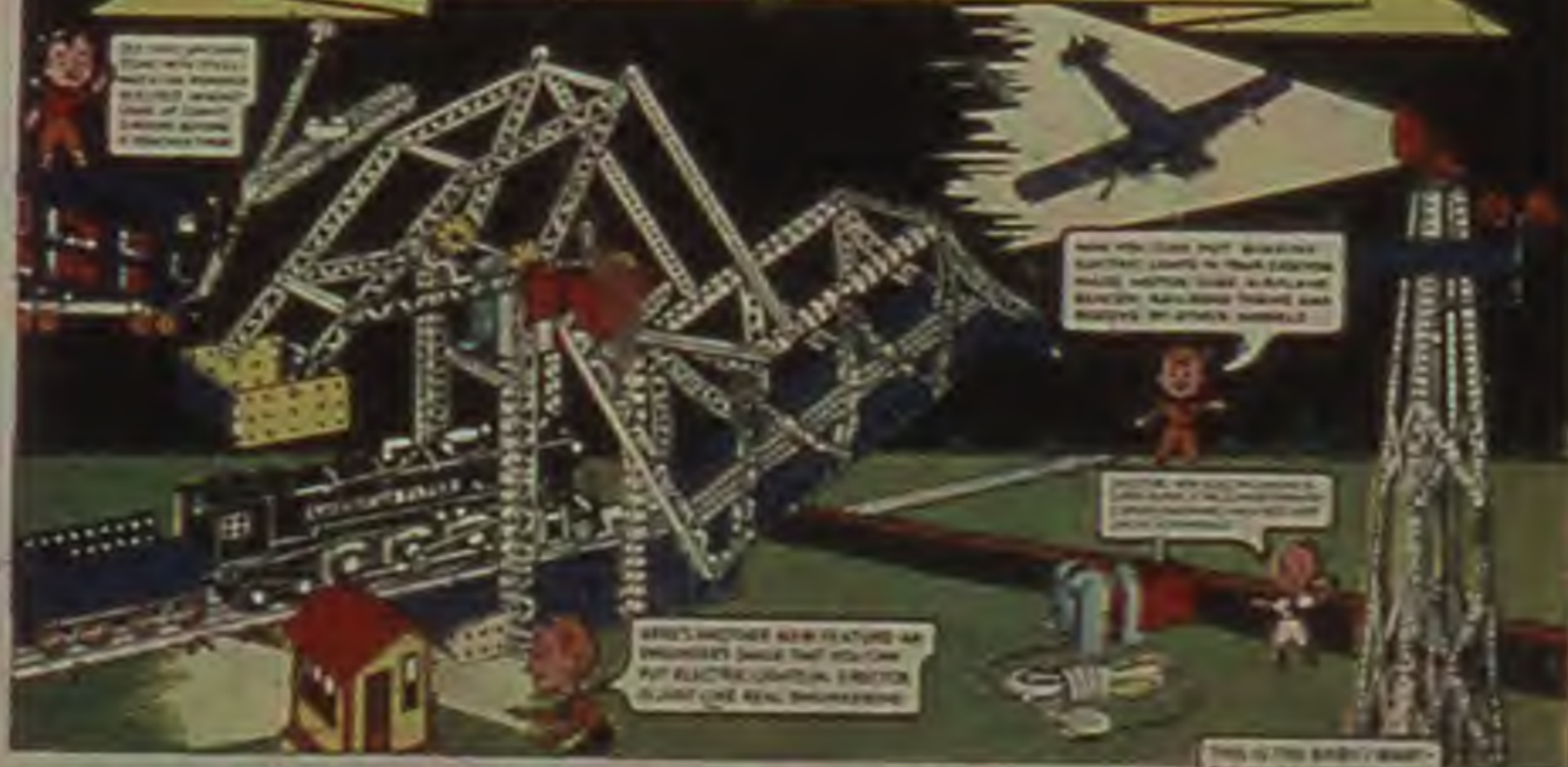


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"TOYS THAT BUZZ  
WITH ACTION"

See color page—  
see 100 illustrations

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AT THE  
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WORLD'S  
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# JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

NEVER MY  
BEST PALE  
WHEN I WAS  
A KID  
THEY'RE  
MICKEY  
SAMMY  
WILLIE  
HERMAN  
AND  
STANLEY



I WAS A KID  
ALL OVER IN A  
WHOLE-HAM  
TALK ABOUT IT  
DAYS WE WERE  
KIDS. WHY WE  
HAD FUN, TIL  
BUT WE  
REALLY IT NOW  
MORE THAN WE  
DID THEN!

JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



JOE THIS WAS  
A SWELL IDEA  
"TAKIN' THIS  
TRAILER ON  
OUR TRIP!

I'LL SAY!!  
I BET THIS  
WILL BE THE  
BEST TRIP  
I WAS EVER  
ON!



YEP-WE'RE OFF  
TO CALIFORNIA,  
KID!! HEAD  
FER TH'  
HOLLAND  
TUNNEL--

HEY--  
WATCH  
IT--HEY!



I AMT LITTA  
DRIVIN' THIS  
TRAILER--

HERE'S TEN  
BUCKS--WE  
ONLY SCRATCHED  
YER FENDER!



WELL, WE'RE  
OUTA MOO  
YORK AT  
LAST!

GOLLY--I  
HORE HE DON'T  
HAVE ANY MORE  
TROUBLE IN  
TRAFFIC!



WHY DID YA  
TAKE THIS  
AWFUL  
ROAD?

I HADN'T--  
THE MAIN  
ROAD WAS  
BLOCKED!



WELL, HERE WE  
ARE! BROKE DOWN  
IN THIS MUD--AN'  
NO PHONE WITHIN  
TEN MILES!

WE MIGHT  
AS WELL  
EAT OUR  
SUPPER--  
AN' BE  
PULLED OUT  
T' MORRIN'!



ONE-TONN-  
TONN!



THIS  
SHOWER  
WON'T  
WORK--

YEAH--AN' THE  
ELECTRIC STOVE  
WON'T WORK! SO  
WE DON'T EAT!



WHERE DID YA  
EVER GET TH'  
IDEA ABOUT  
A TRAILER,  
YA SAYS?

FROM YOU,  
WHOMMY--  
YOU'VE SAID  
THAT A GOOD  
FRIEND OF  
YOURS TOLD  
YOU THAT A  
TRAILER WAS  
SWELL FER TRIP!!



OH GOLLY--I HAD  
THOUGHT ON TO BE  
WELL ALL NIGHT  
SO I WOULDN'T  
FALL OUTA  
BED!

HEY  
THERE--  
YOU!



WAL--I MIGHT  
USE IT FER A  
CHICKEN COOP--  
BUT I'LL ONLY  
GIVE YA  
ONE!

SOLD! JOE  
UNHOOK TH'  
ROADSTER!



MISTAH WILSH YO'  
COMFORTMENT IS READY  
YO' SUITS ARE PREPARED  
--AN' YO' SHOES ARE  
SHINED--

WHY  
AMT THIS  
STYLE,  
JOE?



# JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

THIS IS A RICH FELLA THAT KNOWS AN' HE KINDA KNOW HIS NAME'S TONY PENTHAUS—YIMMOBY SAYS HE GOT MORE MONEY THAN BRAINS!



HERE'S A PITCHER OF ME AN' MY DOG FLOBBIE—I WILLY THINK SHE WOULD'VE LEARNED TO TALK IF SHE PRACTICED!



By HAM FISHER

## JOE PALOOKA





# JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

ON GOLLY—  
HERE'S ONE  
OF THE  
KINDDEST  
DELLAS ALNS  
— GOOD OLD  
SMOKEY!  
YOU'RE KIN  
TELL BT HIS  
FACE THAT  
HE'S OKAY!



AM HERE'S MY  
OLE DAL, YON  
FREDDY OF  
HANSOVERIA.  
I MEAN HE  
LIBETH ME A  
YONGE — BUT  
FOR TH' LAST  
FEW YEARS  
HE'S DRIVIN' A  
DUCAB IN  
PARIS.



## JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



KNOWBLY KIN  
BRING MY DAL  
JEREMIAH TO  
THE CLUB  
SMOKED  
WITH US

NO, YEA  
CAN'T!



BUT I TOLE  
HIM WED TAKE  
HIM AN' I  
CAN'T BACK  
DOWN NOW—

AM OKAY/ YOU  
SO ON FIRST  
AN' BOY THREE  
MINUTES— AN'  
SO ON AFTER  
JACK PEARL AN'  
TELL SOME  
JOKES!



THEY'RE ALL  
READY FOR  
YOU, MR.  
PALOOKA

HERE'S A  
GOOD  
ONE TO  
TELL,  
KNOWBLY  
JOKES!



KNOWBLY IS  
AMT GOT  
ANY  
GOOD  
STORIES  
JOE—

ON SURE HE  
HAS— HE'LL  
DO AWRIGHT!



WELL,  
BRING  
IT

NICE  
BOXING  
JOE!



BOY/ THAT  
JACK PEARL  
IS GOOD!  
I'M SURE  
NERVOUS  
FOLLOWIN'  
HIM—



—AM SO TH' GUY  
SAID "THAT AMT NO  
LADY— THAT'S  
MY WIFE"—  
HA—HA—HA!



HOW DID YOU  
HOUSE GET  
ALONG  
KNOWBLY

BEST WOMEN  
EVER HEARD— BUT  
IT'S FUNNY BEIN' ON  
THAT STAGE—



—YEA UP THERE  
ALONG AM YEA  
SORDA FERRIT  
TH' AUDIENCE  
AN' YEA DON'T  
HEAR  
THEIR  
APPLAUSE

BUT THAT  
WASNT SO  
IN YOUR  
CASE, KIN



I WAS IN THAT AUDIENCE, AN'  
YOU DIDNT HAVE ANY  
APPLAUSE— THAT'S WHY  
YEA DIDNT  
HEAR IT!

—AM OKAY/ YOU  
SO ON FIRST  
AN' BOY THREE  
MINUTES— AN'  
SO ON AFTER  
JACK PEARL AN'  
TELL SOME  
JOKES!



I TELL YEA IF  
YEA BRING THAT  
DUMB CLUCK  
HEAR ME AGAIN  
TUL—TUL—TUL

DON'T FEEL  
BAD KNOWBLY  
— I STILL  
THINK YEA  
SHOULD



# JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

THIS HERE'S MY COUSIN FERD IN HIS ARMY UNIFORM. HE SAYS THEY DON'T NEED ANY MORE EXTRA GENERALS OR MED BRIGS 'ONE.



AN' THIS IS KNOBBY WHEN HE WAS 21. THEY CALLED HIM KNOBBY BECAUSE HE WORE SUCH TANCY CLOTHES. I LIKE ALL HIS SUITS BUT THE GREEN ONES.



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER









# Captain Fortune

IN THE DAYS OF  
THE SPANISH MAIN  
BY VERNON HENKEL

PORTO BELLO, THE TRADING  
CENTER OF THE NEW WORLD,  
AWAITED THE ARRIVAL OF THE  
GREAT SPANISH MERCHANT FLEET



PORTO BELLO! WHERE  
THE MOST SCURRY RASCALS  
OF THE SEVEN SEAS GATHER!  
-TROUBLE WILL NOT BE HARD  
TO FIND, SO KEEP YOUR  
SWORDS LOOSE IN YOUR SHEATHS!



LEAVING ALL HENCHIRE IN  
COMMAND OF THE "TREASURE"  
CAPTAIN FORTUNE DOES AWAY  
WITH ONE OF HIS CREW.



THE GREAT  
GOLDEN  
MOUNTAIN



COME  
PIERRE,  
WE WILL  
QUENCH  
OUR THIRST!

PIKE YE THE DANDY,  
LUISE! MAYBE WE  
CAN HAVE SOME SPORT  
WITH HIM!



PIE!



EASY, PIERRE,  
IT MAY HAVE  
BEEN AN  
ACCIDENT!



AH! THE DANDY  
HAS NO STOMACH  
FOR TROUBLE!



SO IT'S A FIGHT  
YOU'RE SPEAKING FOR,  
IS IT? OUT SWORDS,  
PIERRE!!

















# BIG TOP

THERE'S THAT  
NEW BLONDE-  
BOY! AIN'T  
SHE A  
HUMDINGER!

HELLO, MYRA,  
HOW ARE  
YA?

WHO'S THE  
"JOEY" MISS  
MYRA?

OH, THAT'S  
BUTCH, MISS LOLA-  
HIS ACT IS A  
RIOT!

YOUR BOSS IS GOING TO  
LOOK AT MY ACT-GO!  
GUESS I'D BETTER  
GET INTO MY  
UNIFORM!

I HOPE  
JEFF  
SINGS  
YOU  
UP!

GOLLY! THAT'S  
COMIN' FROM THE  
NEW  
GIRL'S  
TENT!

HELP! A  
MOUSE-  
HELP!!

SCAT  
MOUSE!

MY HERO!  
I'M GOING TO  
GIVE YOU A  
BIG KISS!

GOSH!

SHE  
KISSED  
ME!

SAY, BUTCH-WANT  
TO LOOK AT  
A NEW  
ACT?

THAT GIRL'S ACT? -SURE!-  
SAY, JEFF, ISN'T SHE THE  
MOST TIMID LITTLE  
THING-YOU EVER  
SAW?

YES- (AINT  
SHE?)



# Big Top

RUN FOR YOUR  
LIVES! — THE  
NEW LION IS  
LOOSE!



HE'S  
A  
MAN-  
EATER.

THE  
LIVING



THE  
LION  
IN  
THE  
HAT

OK, POOR BUTCH

CALL  
AN  
AVOLVO



AT LAST-  
THEY'RE  
GETTING  
THE LION  
AWAY FROM  
BUTCH!

AND BACK  
TO HIS CAB-  
INUT POOR  
OLD  
BITCH!



DON'T TAKE  
IT SO  
HARD.



WILL SPOT  
YOUR MASS O  
FIVE BUCKS

WAS  
BOOK  
ON



**BUTCH**



1928 10 10

HERE, YOUNG  
BUTCH,  
SIT  
DOWN, IT

I CAN'T MOVE  
NOT UNTIL  
SOMEBODY  
DISCONNECTS  
US FROM  
THAT.





# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

HEY, GUYS—  
LOOK, WHO'S  
COMING ON  
THE ICE?

NED BRANT?  
WELL, WHAT  
ABOUT IT,  
BOB?

HE HAIN'T GOOD ENOUGH TO BE  
ON THE BASK ESKS WITH US.  
BUDDYHOH!

I WOULDN'T BE TOO  
SURE OF THAT  
IF I WERE YOU.

ALL RIGHT—  
SHOW US  
SOMETHING,  
BOB. READ.

SO HEY, BOB!

OKAY, BOB—  
WHO CAN PLAY  
THAT ONE?

HERE! COME'S  
NED!

WELL, HAIN'T  
THAT THE  
REACHERS ON!

Without losing his speed, Ned Brant skated into the goal and scored. That was the end of the game and he was the hero.

According to the rules, that means the team who he was on will be considered a winner and Ned.

WELL, BOB,  
I THOUGHT  
A THING  
WY HE.

LUCKY STARS!  
HE COULDN'T DO  
THAT AGAIN IN  
HIS WHOLE  
COLLEGE  
CAREER.

NICE PLAY,  
NED!

THANKS,  
COACH.

ALL THRILLED UP, BOB  
WON'T BRANT BE MY  
PLACE NEXT WEEK,  
BOB?

JUST PLAY  
YOUR BEST AND  
THAT'S ALL!



# NED BRANT

A NEW  
STORY

ARE YOU GOING  
TO PLAY TOMORROW?  
HARDY!

I HOPE TO GET IN  
BEFORE IT'S  
OVER!

WHAT ABOUT THE FELLOW?  
YOU KNOW YOU HAVEN'T  
A CHANCE, JOHN. THOUGH  
IT'S JUST A PRACTICE  
GAME.

I WON'T  
GET BRANT IN  
A CANTHOLE  
ANY MORE,  
DAD.

THREE, BY NAME!

THREE WHAT?  
A FLOWER IN A  
BOOK? DID  
YOU DO?

ALL THOSE YOU HAVE,  
COACH BRANT?  
THREE OTHERS YOU  
LET ME IN THE  
PLACE!

THREE  
ONE THOUGH  
BRANTLY -  
HERE, ALL  
THE THINGS!

TAKE THIS NOTE TO THAT THE  
FELLOW ON THE NEXT PAGE!

LOWLY,  
COACH!  
LOVELY!

WHAT'S  
THIS?

WELL, SOMEBODY  
WANT I THOUGHT  
WAS YOUR FIVE  
DOLLAR WINE  
I SAW YOU  
WANTED A  
HARDY!

WHY, YOU -

WELL -  
YOU CAN'T  
DO THAT TO  
ME - THE  
CARD!

ALL THAT CARD SAYS IS  
IN THE HIGHLIGHT, YOU SEE  
FELLOW - AND THE OTHER  
WITH YOUR NAME!

HERE'S THE CANTHOLE LINEUP WITH AT CANTHOLE WARD -  
AT GOAL, ALLISON - ON PITCHER, BRANT, AND BOOTH -  
AT THE BRIDGE, BRANT, AND BRANT

CAREFULLY  
NO - PEOPLE  
BACK ON US  
CAN BRANT  
YOU -

THAT'S BRILL!  
I WANT THEM TO  
KNOW IN CANTHOLE  
A HARD CARD  
FROM  
COACH  
BRANT!



# NED BRANT

A BOY  
DAILY



STOP THAT GUY  
BRANT!

WHEW, HE  
COMES!  
BRANT!

SLAM IT  
IN THERE,  
NED!



Leaving the goalie out of position, Ned  
brings down the puck into the corner of the  
net where the score is tall.



BRANT'S THE  
BOY WE'RE GOT  
TO STOP!

AND IN THE GUY  
WHO'LL STOP HIM  
BRANT!



WHEW  
BRANT!

YOU DELIBERATELY  
TRIPPED ME  
WHICH I HAVE  
BRANT TO  
SHOOT!



BRANT'S  
CERTAINLY SOME  
BODY!

BRANT'S  
CERTAINLY  
SOME  
BODY!



WHEW, LOOK  
BRANT'S GOT  
GONE TO  
DO IT!

WHEW, LOOK  
BRANT'S GOT  
GONE TO  
DO IT!



YOU ROUGHED ME  
UP TOO OFTEN!



MAJOR PENALTY  
BRANT—OFF THE  
ICE FOR FIVE  
MINUTES!

WHEW, BRANT'S  
GONE THROUGH  
THE GATE!



CHEERING TO  
THE BRANT  
BOY, AND THEN  
THE TALK!



WHEW, LOOK OF THE BRANT  
GUY, PLAY ONE MAN  
DURING THE LAST  
MINUTE OF A TIGHT  
GAME—THAT'S  
DOING IT!



I LOST THE  
GAME FOR  
YOU.

YOU CERTAINLY DID, AND  
SUPPORTING THE BRANT  
GUY, PLAYING FOR THE  
TITLES OF THE  
NATION!



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

Published by S. M. Green



## TRANSCRIPTION OFFER

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Ned Brant is continued in the February issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale December 23rd.



ROBE  
GOLDBERG'S

# SIDE SHOW

BRAIN DERBY  
SOFA SLEEPERS TEST...  
SHOULD GRANDPA BE  
GIVEN A HANDICAP IN THE  
AFTER-DINNER RACE FOR  
THE SOFA?

WHERE DO KIDS SLEEP  
BEST... ON A SOFA, A  
CHAIR, OR AT SCHOOL?

NO MORE QUESTIONS... HERE THEY



OUR VERY NEAREST INVENTION  
OF A QUICK WAY TO FIND YOUR  
MISSED GLASSES!

AS YOU FEEL IN VEST ROCKETE  
FOR LOST GLASSES YOU  
START ONE-MAN BAND(A) AS  
JETTER-BURTS ON RIGHT BEING  
DANCING HE CAUSES PLATFORM  
TO SHOOT OUT TONGUE  
—EASY BROOKS THING IT'S A  
WORM... REACHING FOR IT HE  
CLUTS MANS GUNPOWDER... MAN  
REACHES FOR GUNPOWDER AND  
REVEALS GLASSES FALL OUT



FOOLISH QUESTIONS NO. 762595



OAH! MY BOY  
DREAMD WILL  
NEVER PASS  
THAT BIG BUTTE  
AND MAKE A  
TOUCHDOWN!



CLUPID  
CARTOONS  
MY DOCTOR  
SAYS I SHOULD  
STAY AWAY  
FROM  
SMOKING  
AND I'M NOT  
TO HAVE ANY  
EXCITEMENT!  
SITTING  
OVER A SHE  
OPERATION.

OH DEAR—I'M  
SURE YOU'LL BE  
YEARS RECOVERING  
DARLING—  
BUT CHEER UP...  
WE'LL COME TO  
SEE YOU!

WOULDN'T IT  
BE WIFUL  
IF YOU  
GOT HOME  
AND FOUND  
YOUR KIDS  
SICK?

A FRIEND  
OF MINE  
HAD HER  
HOUSE BURN  
DOWN WHILE  
SHE WAS  
AWAY!

HEY! WHERE'S  
THAT Usher  
WHO PUT ME  
IN HERE TO

BLAME  
IT ON  
WILSON



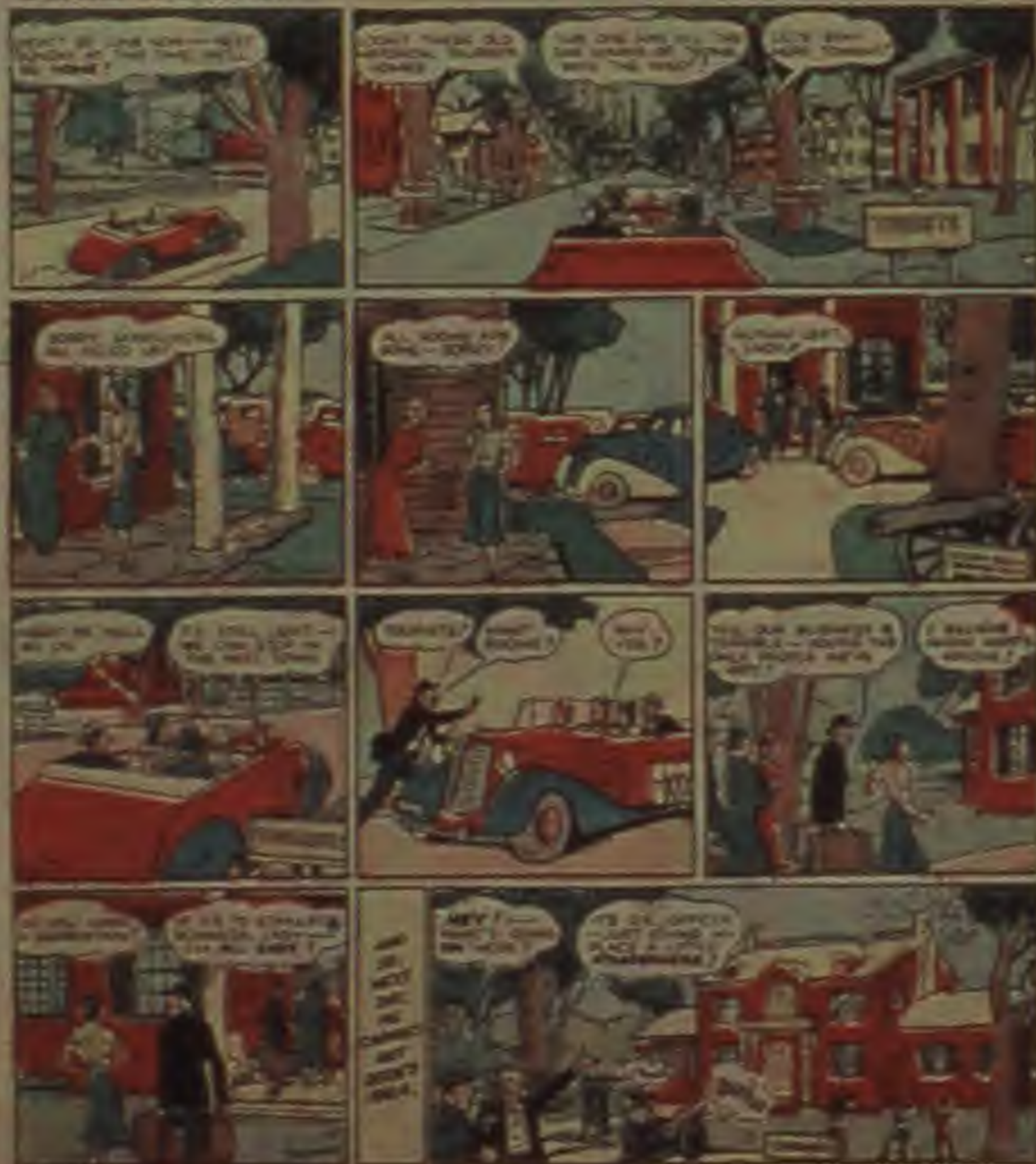
Follow Robt Goldberg's Side Show each month in FEATURE COMICS.





## DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McCLOY and J. H. STRICKEL







## DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. MEYER and J. H. STRUBEL







## DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. MACYOT and J. W. STRUHL



More of Orlin Dugas in the February issue of **FEATURE COMICS**—on sale December 29th.



# RANCE KEANE

THE KNIGHT  
OF  
THE WEST

RANCE AND  
PEE WEE USE  
THE STODDERS  
OVER IN SHON  
FORKS FOR A  
FEW DAYS—

THEY HAVE SET  
UP TEMPORARY  
HEADQUARTERS  
AT THE LOCAL  
HOTEL—

I SHORE AM TUCKERED  
OUT RANCE! THINK I'LL  
TAKE ONE OF THEM THERE  
NIPS LIKE THE MEXICANS  
TAKE EVERY NOON!

YOU MEAN  
A 'PISTA'  
PEE WEE



YOU GO AHEAD AND REST  
UP— I'M GOING DOWN  
AND LOOK THE  
TOWN OVER! I'LL  
BE BACK IN A  
COUPLE OF HOURS!



RANCE GOES  
DOWN TO THE  
VERANDA OF  
THE HOTEL  
WHICH SEEMS  
TO BE THE  
CENTER OF  
THE SOCIAL  
LIFE OF SHON  
FORKS—

THE STAGE SHOULD  
BE ALONGS ANY MINUTE  
NOW!

SOMETHING'S  
DOWN! DOWN! THE  
STREET THAD  
NOW AND IT'S SHODD  
STODD UP QUIET!!



BUT INSTEAD  
OF A STAGE  
COACH, A LONG  
STRAINED  
BASTARD  
DOGS UP TO  
THE HEN ON  
THE VERANDA—



WHERE'S  
THE  
SHERIFF?

THE STAGE COACH  
IS BEING ROBBED!



I WAS ON MY  
WAY HERE WHEN  
I HEARD SOME  
SHOTS DOWN IN  
THE VALLEY!  
SAY A GANG  
WAS ROBBING THE  
STAGE— AND—



I RECOGNIZED ONE  
OF THE BANDITS AS  
"BLACK BOB" SCOFIELD!

SCOFIELD!  
THAT'S  
A HEAP OF  
REWARD MONEY  
FER HIM!



LED BY THE  
SHERIFF,  
THE HIGH  
MOUNT AND  
MADLY SPUR  
THEIR  
HORSES  
TOWARD THE  
VALLEY!



RANCE CREeps  
TO THE DEAR  
OF THE BOUNTY  
OF HER...

AT HIS FIRST  
OPPORTUNITY  
HE COULDN'T  
HESITATE UP  
TO A HUGE  
BOLLER...  
THE OTHERS  
CONTINUE ON  
NOTHING  
BUT THE  
BATTLE...

IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT,  
I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE  
WHO WILL BE DOODGING  
OUT OF THIS POSSE!

HOW TO MAKE IT BACK  
INTO TOWN AND LAY  
MY TRAP!

IT'S LUCKY I HAVE  
THIS EXTRA COIL  
OF LASSO ROPE!

NOW THEN, I THINK  
THIS ROOF WILL MAKE  
A GOOD VANTAGE POINT!

RANCE CLIMBS  
TO THE ROOF  
CARRYING THE  
LAST TACKED  
END OF THE  
LASSO WITH  
HIM...

I'LL BE ABLE TO  
COMMAND A VIEW OF  
THE ENTIRE TOWN  
FROM HERE!

IT LOOKS LIKE I WON'T  
GET HERE ANY TOO  
SOON...

TWO MORE  
MILES TO  
THE  
ROCK OF THE  
BANK - AND  
BETTER  
END OF THE  
BATTLE  
WHOSE FROM  
NOW  
BUT THE  
BATTLE OF  
THE...



RANCE WATCHES  
THE MEN  
ENTER THE  
BANK----

TWO MINUTES  
LATER THEY  
HURRY BACK  
OUT TO THEIR  
HORSES  
CARRYING BAGS  
OF MONEY--

HAW! THAT WAS  
EASY! UNTIL  
THE SHERIFF SEES  
HOW HE'S BEEN  
FOOLED!

THERE THEY ARE!  
NOW WE GOT TO  
GET THEM JUST  
RIGHT!

THEY'RE ON THEIR  
HORSES-- THERE  
THEY GO-- ON A  
"TRIP" NOW!

WHAT  
THE--

DON'T TRY TO  
REACH FOR YOUR  
GUNS OR YOU ARE  
DEAD MEN!

RANCE FIRES  
A VOLLEY OF  
SHOTS INTO  
THE AIR  
WITH THE  
IDEA OF  
ATTRACTING  
THE ROBBERS  
BACK INTO  
TOWN--

BANG  
BANG

HERE'S OKAY, SHERIFF!  
NOBODY HAS DOBBED  
US!!

WELL, I'LL  
BE --

LISTEN, SHERIFF! HEAR  
THOSE SHOTS? WE'VE  
BEEN SENT ON A WILD  
GOOSE CHASE TO GET  
US OUT OF  
TOWN SO  
SOMEBODY  
COULD ROB  
THE BANK!!

MEANWHILE  
OUT IN THE  
WILDERNESS  
THE ROBBERS  
ARE  
THEY'VE



THE HORSE  
STARTS  
BACK TO  
SIMON FORDS  
WITH ALL THE  
SPEED THAT  
THE HORSES  
CAN MUSTER.

HOW COULD WE  
TALK FOR SUCH AN  
OLD BAG AS  
THAT?

AS THEY RIDE INTO TONAWA...

SAY! LOOK AT THE  
TWO NAKED MEN WITH  
THEIR HANDS UP! SOMEONE  
HAS THEM COVERED!

IT'S THAT FELLER  
RANCE KEANE! HE'S  
UP ON THE ROOF!

YOU CAN COME DOWN  
NOW, KEANE, WE'LL COVER  
THESE TWO HORSES!

KEANE, YOU'VE  
CERTAINLY DONE  
SIMON FORDS AN  
INVALUABLE SERVICE!

THANK YOU,  
SHERIFF!

RANCE EXPLAINS  
HOW HE BECAME  
SUSPICIOUS OF  
THE PLAN TO  
GET THE  
SHERIFF OUT  
OF TONAWA...

WHEN THAT STRANGER  
RODE UP AND SAID THAT  
"BLACK BOB" SCOTFIELD  
WAS HOLDING UP THE  
STAGE WHEN  
SOMETHING  
WAS WRONG!  
"BLACK BOB"  
WAS CAPTURED  
IN TONAWA  
NEVADA THOSE  
DAYS ALSO...

AFTER THE  
HORSES  
ARE LOADED  
UP IN THE  
JAIL, RANCE  
RETURNS  
TO THE  
HOTEL...

WAKE UP, FEE  
HIE! DON'T YOU  
KNOW THAT  
PEOPLE DIE  
IN BED?

GUESS I MUSTA SLEPT  
PURTY LONG! I SHORE  
WAS AN EXCITING DREAM!  
IT WAS ALL ABOUT  
"BLACK THORP" FEE  
NEVER DO HEAD OF  
ANY DREAMS RESEMBLING  
LIKE HE PULLED ANY  
MORE! THE WEST  
SHORE HAS GOTTEN  
TAME!

NO  
HUM





AND WHY DID YOU RUN AWAY 12 YEARS AGO, OLIVER?

ONE MORE DAY, BABY!



ANY ALBERT—SHAME A BITE OF CANDY!

LITTLE BROTHER!



DON'T BE SO STUBBORN! HE HAD TO BE LUCKY!



STONEY PEOPLE—PURRER—AN—



SAW THAT DOB TOOK MY CANDY?

HE HAD BAD LUCK LIKE I SAID!

## THE BUNGLE FAMILY

FRIENDS

By K. A. TUTTILL



WHY—WHO'S THIS GUY COMING UP OUR WALK—I'VE SEEN HIM BEFORE—IT



SEE—I'M YOUR NEW LANDLORD! I WANT THE RENT NOW—OH—SO IT'S MY OLD FRIEND BUNGLE, EH?



THE SAME HARD BIRD I RENTED FROM YEARS AGO—WHY?



YES! WHERE'S MY RENT DUE?



YOU'LL GET IT WHEN I'M GOOD AND READY! SEE?

OH! SO I'LL HAVE TO WORK ON YA LIKE LUSTIA IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS! OKAY—



LET'S GO NOW—I GOTTA TACKLE TWO OTHER GUYS FOR THEIR RENT AFTER I FINISH WITH YOU!



HEY! YOUR OLD TRICKS ARE TRYING TO STEP ON MY FOOT SO YOU CAN—



YOU'RE JUST LUCKY! AND IT DIDN'T HURT A BIT—NOW WATCH ME—



THIS IS ONLY THE ONE! THE LIGHTS ARE ALL OUT!



WELL—I'LL JUST STEP IN CLOSE NOW AND—



—NAIL YOU WITH THIS RIGHT!



RIGHT ON THE OLD BUNKERS' HENT IT!



YEAH—AND SO IS—



THIS IS ONLY THE ONE! THE LIGHTS ARE ALL OUT!



WELL—I'LL JUST STEP IN CLOSE NOW AND—



AW!



HOW! LET'S CALL IT A DRAW IN BUNGLE! YOU'RE STILL A BATTLE, KID!



AND SO ARE YOU, PAL!



ARE YA—SURE—SURE—SATURDAY I'LL NOT IN WITH THE ARREMENT?



Y HOOF! WHAT A MEAT! A REAL OLD-FASHIONED LANDLORD WHO IS WILLING TO TAKE A BEATING TO GET HIS RENT! OH—I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD EITHER!







# THEY'RE STILL TALKING

Again Bill Carr's All-Time Olympic Record

We are at the 1932 Olympic games at Los Angeles, California. We see Ed Ben Eastman, Stanford's remarkable quarter-mile, wheel into the same stretch at 1:14. 400-meter race is world record time.



What about Carr's new rival? A figure appears at the side of the living Eastman, who had noted that a new wonder.

But there is no mistake about it. One of the first things I must have seen that running machine has pulled ahead of Eastman.



Then, running with the magnificent form for which he was famous, Bill Carr, the Arkansian boy from Pennsylvania unexpectedly caught up to win the event in the astonishing time of 1:14. 400-meter. A smashing world record!



Introducing Bill Carr of Arkansas, before and gentleman, whose racing form was a thing of beauty to behold. Bill is not at all competitive man, the result of an injury sustained in an accident.



















IT IS LATE  
AT NIGHT  
AND THE  
CLOCK  
CLIMBS  
THROUGH  
A WINDOW  
OF A HOME  
SITUATED  
IN THE  
RESIDENTIAL  
SECTION  
OF THE  
CITY—



—AND  
HE  
HAS  
LITTLE  
TROUBLE  
IN  
FINDING  
AND  
OPENING  
THE  
SAFE

AH, JUST AS I THOUGHT—  
THE MISSING RECORDS!



WHAT'S THIS??—  
EMPTY SHells AND  
MORE SHells—  
PRETTY CLEVER—



OH-OH—SOMEONE'S  
COMING!



STAND JUST AS  
YOU ARE, MR. CLYDE  
NESTE—

WUH??



THAT THE  
CLOCK SHOWS  
YOU FIND  
OUT?

EASILY! MRS. NOLEN  
TOLD ME THAT YOU  
WERE THE ONLY PERSON  
TO HAVE ACCESS TO THOSE  
RECORDS WHEN THEY  
WERE ON HER VACATION  
BETWEEN MAY 28  
AND JUNE 30—



—WHILE NOLEN WAS AWAY, BIG COOKS  
ADVISED YOU TO REMOVE THEIR  
NAMES FROM THE FILES—WHEN YOU  
FOUND OUT THAT NOLEN SUSPECTED  
YOU OF THIS YOU DECIDED TO  
KILL HIM—



—AND YOU MADE A BOMB WITH  
POWDER FROM THESE POLICE  
CARTRIDGES—NESTE,  
I'D TAKE GREAT DELIGHT  
IN BRINGING YOU UP  
NOW—BUT IF I  
KNOW THE POLICE,  
THEY'LL TAKE CARE  
OF YOU IN THEIR  
OWN WAY—AND YOU  
HAVE MY  
SYMPATHY!!





LEARNING TO TELL TIME  
IS EASY WITH ONE OF MY  
BEST WATCHES



**THINK OF OWNING  
ONE OF THESE SLICK**

***Ingersoll***  
WATCHES

**AND CHRISTMAS IS JUST THE TIME  
TO ASK FOR ONE!**

**Only *Ingersoll*  
CAN MAKE MICKEY MOUSE  
AND DONALD DUCK WATCHES**

THIS ONE'S ONLY \$2.00—  
HAS MY PICTURE ON FRONT  
AND MICKEY'S ON THE BACK



***Ingersoll* Mickey Mouse Watch**  
This watch is a real beauty. It has a rectangular case with a Mickey Mouse face on the dial. The hands are gold and the numbers are black. It comes with a black leather strap. **\$2.00**

***Ingersoll* Donald Duck Watch**  
This watch is a real beauty. It has a round case with a Donald Duck face on the dial. The hands are gold and the numbers are black. It comes with a black leather strap. **\$1.00**



NOTHING BUT  
AN INGERSOLL  
FOR ME!

**SHOW DAD YOU KNOW WATCH VALUE  
ASK FOR AN *Ingersoll* BY NAME!**



RIGHT, SON!  
IT'S TOUGH  
TO GAMBLE  
MONEY ON AN  
UNKNOWN WATCH  
WHEN YOU CAN  
GET AN *INGERSOLL*  
FOR ONLY \$2.00



This watch is a real beauty. It has a round case with a simple dial. The hands are gold and the numbers are black. It comes with a black leather strap. **\$1.00**



THE NATION'S WATCHWORD  
FOR VALUE

INGERSOLL WATCHES COMPANY  
BOSTON, MASS.

***Ingersoll***

Nothing is left to chance when the famous "Quality Test" and other tests show Ingersoll watches are built for precision. The "Quality Test" is a test of the watch's movement.







# JANE ARDEN

By Walter Irlbeck and Edward A. Kane

HE MUST GO ON THINKING I'M A CROOK TOO!

HERE—WHO AID GAB ME? HE THINKS I ROBBED YOU IN PARIS!

SWELL DEAR—WE'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST!

LARRY LEON—

DROP THAT GUN!!

WHAT? YOU—AGAIN?

ONE OF YOU TWO STOLE MY DIAMONDS—I DON'T GET YOU NOW BUT I WILL SOMETIME!!

NO—BUT IF HE CALLS THE COPS WE GET CAUGHT—

SO HE GOT YOU—DO HE FIND ANYTHING?

WE CAN'T GET AWAY ON THIS GUY—BUT THEY'LL HAVE TO FIND THE GEMS.

WHY—DON'T GET IT—HOW DID HE TRAIL US ON THIS SHIP IN THE FIRST PLACE?

HOW WOULD I EVER KNOW?

JANE'S OK—BUT HOW DID THAT GUY PICK UP OUR ROUTE? IF JANE EVER DOUBLE-CROSSED HIM, TO—

LEON IS A CLEVER ABENT—

THIS IS TACKLISH BUSINESS—HE SUSPECTS ME, BUT HE ISN'T QUITE SURE.

ALL LONG AS WE KEEP CALLIN' THIS TART CONTEST A TIE THEY FEED US NO MEAT!

IT WERE A SHIRT ORR MEN!

WE'LL FIX 'EM WITH THIS NEXT MEAL!

THEY'RE ALL CALLIN' IT A TIE SOB WE HAFTA GIVE 'EM MORE!

YIPPEE! HEAR THEY COME WIP A MEAS O' TARTS SOB WE HON AT LAS NAME JUST BEST COOK!

A NICE BATCH GALS

WOW! MORE GOOD EATIN'!!

BRICK! AN ALL HAIL O' YOU LARRY BOYS IT'S ROBBIN' SO GONNA BE A FIRE!!

HOW OYE LIKE PEPPER TARTS BOYS?

OH! ALL WANTS WATER LARRY BOYS!









FILE  
82  
EASY

AFTER  
THE MAN  
WITH THE  
SCARF  
SAVES THE  
ENIGMA  
AND STEAL

WATCH  
US SLIP  
THROUGH  
THE  
CLUT-  
CHES  
WITH  
THESE!

WELL—  
IT'S  
TIME  
WE WENT  
ON  
DICK!

I'LL JOIN Y  
THERE—I'M  
NOT QUITE  
FINISHED  
WITH MY  
PACKING

LEON? HE  
WAS THE  
GUY IN  
BROOVED  
STRAPS ON  
HIS BAG—  
TELL THE  
CUSTOMS  
MEN—  
OKAY?

NOW BE CALM  
- I'VE DONE IT  
THIS OFTEN  
BEFORE

WE ARE A  
BIG FAMILY—  
OLD—BUT  
THE  
ALL ABOUT

I HOPE  
LEON HAS  
INSTRUCTED  
THE CUSTOMS  
MEN PROPERLY

NOW I'LL  
KNOW IF  
JANE IS ON  
THE LEVEL  
WITH ME—

IF  
THEY  
FIND  
THAT  
HOLMS  
PLACE  
FEEL  
KNOWS  
SHE  
TOLD  
THEM

THIS LOOKS ALRIGHT

OLDER STRAPS YOU HAVE WORN! I'LL JUST LOOK—



JANE - I'LL BE HELD UP SO RIGHT TO RUCKERS - I'LL JOIN YOU LATER

卷之五

NOTHING HERE I SEARCH HIM  
- I THOUGHT I OPPOSE- ME  
I REALLY HAD HAS A FORTUNE  
SOMETHING IN SOME HERE  
SOME- A STRONG SOMETHING

SEARCH HIM,  
OFFICER—HE  
HAS A FORTUNE  
IN BONES HERE  
SOMEWHERE!



SALES IS AN  
POSITIVE TO  
BAC (THAT)

WALTER  
WILSON  
WILLIAM  
WILLIAM  
WILLIAM

五言古詩

SAATCHI  
ADVERTISING  
CO. INC.

[illegible]

NAME—  
LAST  
FIRST  
MIDDLE  
INITIAL

W. J. L. J. L. J. L.

COUSIN FLOYD HAS -  
BORN TIME CITY AN -  
HE GOT WOUNDED HE  
SAID HE CAN'T COOL  
OUR COUNTRY BY  
BURNING

FLOYD SAYS HE  
SHOULD JUST FAN

子

## JANE ARDEN'S MAJORDOME





# ROBE S I D E GOLDBER'S SHOW

**BRAIN DERRY**  
SPECIAL BATHING TEST  
WHEN DID TAKING A BATH  
SHOULD THE TUB THEN BE  
TAKEN OUTDOORS AND  
USED AS A BIG FLOWER  
POTT  
SHOULD THEN BUSTE  
THROW AN ANCHOR  
OVER THE SIDE OF THE  
TUB SO THAT THEY DON'T  
GO DOWN THE DRAIN

THE ALL-AMERICAN  
BATHING

OUR SPECIAL INVENTION  
ON HOW TO GET RICH GOLDFERY  
OUT OF THE HEN

AS YOU WAIT YOU GET HOT UNDER  
THE COLLAR... WATER IN BOTTLES  
ON ITS HEATED SOMETHING STEAM  
EMING... BLOW (C) HITS BAG (D)  
— BAG HITS HATCH (E) TURNING  
CORNERS (F)... AND BATHING  
US SEPARATE TWO LOVE BIRDS  
— THEY CRY AND TEARS  
DROP INTO THE RUNNER... THIS  
LEADS TO SPARKLER WHICH  
SHOWS BUSTE... AND THEY  
RUN TO GET IN FROM CARS



IS THAT  
FELLOW  
STILL  
ON  
THE  
PHONE?

NO—HE JUST  
WENT IN THERE  
TO ARRIVE  
WITH HIMSELF  
ABOUT SPENDING  
THE TOO MUCH  
MONEY!



HET YOU KIDS  
CAN'T GET IN  
THIS SAME  
ONLINE YOU  
BUY TICKETS



OHAY—WELL IN  
—BUT TICKET  
IS ALL  
RIGHT



HOW LONG  
—LETTER—  
BZZZ—  
BZZZ—



MURDER—  
THAT'S  
ME



CANDID  
CARTOONS

WHY IT'S YOU FLO  
—YOU SEE—KAY  
WILDOY IN HERE  
TO GET OUT  
OF THE  
KAY



SEE, HAZEL—WELL  
IN LETTER T'HEM  
DAMES PLEASEN BUSTY  
ABOUT BEIN HERE AN  
—THEY BUY EVERYTHING  
HERE BUT  
COAL!



BY THE WAY, JOE  
—WHAT ARE YOU  
FIGHTING FOR?  
—AND STARTED  
THIS WAR  
ANYWAY?

BLAME  
IT ON  
WILSON



A WOMAN WHO  
MADE BY WOMEN A  
BAG——SO THE  
DAUGHTER COULD BE  
A NAME OF CLARE



WHILE ONCE AGAIN  
THE LATE AND OLIVE  
—AND THERE EVIDENCE  
OF REAL WOULD BE  
A BURN



WOMEN WHO  
MADE BY WOMEN A  
BAG——SO THE  
DAUGHTER COULD BE  
A NAME OF CLARE



WHILE ONCE AGAIN  
THE LATE AND OLIVE  
—AND THERE EVIDENCE  
OF REAL WOULD BE  
A BURN



# DOLLMAN

IN THE NAME OF DAVE & THE DOLL  
ALIEN FREIGHTER SILENTLY  
SLIPS DOWN THE HARBOR  
SO NO ONE FOR THE OCCIDENTAL  
HOLD FILLED WITH SILVER  
BALLON



EVERYTHING  
IS IN ORDER  
SID

ALL HANDS  
LOOK ALIVE  
WE'VE GOT A  
MIGHTY VALUABLE  
CARGO THIS TIME



THE SHIP TREMBLES AS IT  
MOMENTARILY AND LIES A  
WOUNDED SEA HUNTER  
SWIMS BELOW THE WATERS



AS IT FALLS ON THE COAST  
A MONSTER A  
CRASHING DOWN TO  
THE OCEAN FLOOR



THERE SHE LIES, DO  
RODENT THAT'S OUR FIFTH  
PRIZE THIS MONTH



GO TO WORK YOU GUYS  
PUT YOUR HELMETS ON  
CAREFULLY LADY  
NEARLY DROWNED  
ON THE LAST WALL

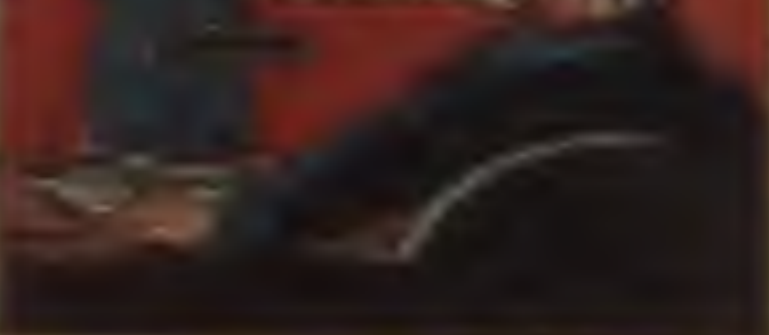


HAVE IT EASY  
NO COOPERATION  
US ON THE  
WATERS



THE NEXT DAY DAVE & THE  
DOLLMAN APPEAR AT  
THE OFFICE OF POLICE IN  
SEATTLE WASH

HOW SO YOU'RE THE  
DOLLMAN DAVE PROOF  
ROBERTS  
SPOKE TO  
HE ABOUT



THESE HARBOUR BOMBERS  
ARE BEYOND US IF YOU  
THINK YOU CAN SOLVE THEM  
WITH YOUR SCIENTIFIC  
EYES OR WITH US BUT  
PERSONALLY DON'T BELIEVE  
YOU CAN









THAT EVENING LIKE A SLUMBER-  
ING GIANT THE HUGE STEAMER  
LIES IN ITS WHARF AWAITING  
THE MORNING TIDE



THROUGH THE DARKNESS THE  
DOLL MAN RACES

ONCE INSIDE THE HULL, CAN  
CHECK THE  
CARGO



IN A FLASH HE IS UP THE  
MOORING ROPES

SUDDENLY AHEAD OF HIM A  
RAT SCURRIES ALONG THE  
TARRED CABLE



IT'S GOT A BOMB TIED  
TO ITS BACK SO THAT'S  
HOW THEY  
WORK IT!

THIS JOB IS GOING TO  
BE EASIER THAN I  
THOUGHT



SAY, I'M A PRETTY GOOD  
RAT EXTERMINATOR  
BETTER THAN  
SOME OF THE  
POWDERS!



OH-OH! HERE COME  
SOME RATS I HATE  
VERY MUCH!



SUDDENLY DR. RODENT AND  
TWO HENCHMEN APPEAR ON  
THE DOCK IN TIME TO SEE



RATS!  
FLYIN' IN ALL  
DIRECTIONS!

BOSS! LET'S SCRAM!  
I'M BEGINNING  
TO SEE THINGS  
THERE'S A TINY  
GUY ON THAT  
ROPE!



THE  
DOLL MAN!  
I'LL FIX HIM!

DR. RODENT'S WHISTLE  
WAKES THE ALERT DOLL MAN



THE  
DOLL MAN  
IS UPON  
THEM!



AND IN THE RESULTING TUMULT  
DR. RODENT TRIES TO ESCAPE



THIS NOISE'LL WAKE UP THE  
WHOLE POLICE  
FORCE!





THAT BLASTED IMP HAS RUINED MY PLANS, BUT I GOT AWAY! HE CAN'T GET ME!



BUT THE DOLLMAN IS NEARBY!

THERE'S A POLICE CAR I'VE GOT A PLAN!

FREE AT LAST! HA HA HA!



HEY! YOU OVERSTUFFED BLUE COATS, STOP DREAMING!

WHAT TH?

THE TERRIFIED GANG LEADER SWINGS A HEAVY WRENCH AT THE DOLLMAN



GOT YOU AT LAST!

DR RODENT'S CAR SWINGS MADLY AROUND DANGEROUS CORNERS



WITH THE DOLLMAN AWAY, I CAN MAKE GOOD MY ESCAPE!



AH! THERE'S THE TANK! ONCE INSIDE THEY'LL NEVER REACH ME!



WHAT'S THIS! I THOUGHT I KILLED YOU! IT CAN'T BE!!



YEOW! HELP! HELP!



THE POLICE RUSH IN AND TAKE COMMAND OF THE SITUATION...



THE COMMISSIONER WILL BE GLAD TO SEE THIS!

LATER, THE DOLLMAN IS BACK TO HIS NORMAL JOE



I HAD A SWELL TIME, DOC!



# LALA PALODZA





# LALAPALOOZA

VINCENT IS CHANGING  
OR ORGANIZING AN  
UPSET SOCIETY  
DOWN IN  
PRIMROSE  
PLACE

PRIMROSE  
PLACE?

BUT LALAH—YOU CAN'T GO  
DOWN TO PRIMROSE PLACE—  
THAT'S THE TOUGHEST  
SECTION IN  
THE CITY.



WHY THE HELL DOWN THERE  
USE LOCOMOTIVE WHEELS  
FOR HOOPS, AND PLAY  
JACKIE WITH TUGBOAT  
ANCHORS?



BUT WE SHOULD HELP THEM,  
VINCENT—JUST LOOK AT  
THAT POOR MAN—GO OVER  
AND CHEER HIM UP!



AND I GET YOUR OWN  
LITTLE TROUBLES, BLOODY—  
MY EATER SAYS HELPING  
OTHER FOLKS AND MAKING  
THEM HAPPY MAKES YOU  
HAPPY YOUR-  
OWN SET THE  
DEA?



YEAH I GET IT AND I THINK  
IT'S SWEET IN FACT THE  
WHOLE IDEA CHEERS ME  
UP SO MUCH THAT I  
THINK I'LL GO  
RIGHT OFF AND  
KNOCK  
SOMEBODY'S  
EARS OFF!



NEVER—YOU'VE  
GOT THIS ALL BALLED  
UP—(WANT YOU TO DO  
SOMETHING FOR  
ME?)



I WANT YOU TO INTRODUCE  
ME TO THE PEOPLE ON  
PRIMROSE PLACE  
SO I CAN HELP  
THEM!



MEET BUTCH  
MR. BLUSH!



GLAD I MEET  
UP WITH HOUSE  
SOCIALS!

OW!  
MY  
HAND!

ER—IF YOU INTRODUCE ME  
TO ANY MORE OF THE BOYS—  
INSTEAD OF SHAKING  
HANDS—ASK THEM  
TO GIVE ME  
A KICK  
IN THE  
PANTS!



SO  
VINCENT  
COMES  
TO  
BRING  
THE  
SPIRIT  
OF  
BROTHERLY  
LOVE  
TO  
PRIMROSE  
PLACE.



GOTTA  
DO A LITTLE  
HOMEWORK  
T'NIGHT!

I NEED  
MORE  
LIGHT  
TO READ  
MY  
PAPER!







THE TWO MEN RUN IN THE DIRECTION OF THE MYSTERIOUS LIGHT—

NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO CATCH THEM RED HANDED!



CAREFUL, RED—ONE LITTLE NOSE AND WE'LL GIVE OURSELVES AWAY!



IT'S 'EM! ALL RIGHT—CAN YOU MAKE OUT WHO THEY ARE?

NO—THEY'RE STANDING IN COMPLETE DARKNESS— BUT LISTEN—



SIGNAL TH' NORTH COME QUICK—TELL 'EM NOT TO EXPECT ANY MORE STUFF UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE!



THAT MOUNTIE IS SPOLIN EVERYTHING—

WHEN I GIVE THE WORD, RED, LET'S RUSH 'EM!

OKAY!

NOW.... HANDS UP, YOU TWO—DON'T MAKE A MOVE!!



IT'S TH' MOUNTIE! QUICK—GIVE 'EM TH' LIGHT!!



HOOH—THAT LIGHT— IT'S BLINDING 'EM!



TURN IT OFF— LIGHT!

BLINDED BY THE LIGHT REYNOLDS AND RED FALL VICTIMS TO THE TWO STRANGERS—



OH—MY HEAD— THEY SURE DID SOME QUICK THINKING!



YES—BUT SO WILL WE, RED—I'M GOING TO VISIT THE NORTH COME— THIS TIME I'M GOING TO THROW SOME LIGHT ON THIS CASE!!



BEAVING  
RED AT THE  
HOTEL,  
REYNOLDS  
RANG TO  
THE NORTH  
COVE OF  
BEAVER  
ISLAND  
THE  
NEXT  
DAY.

SO, SOMEONE IS  
GETTING SOME  
"STUFF" AROUND  
HERE. WHY I'D  
BETTER EXAMINE  
A FEW OF THOSE  
ABANDONED  
CHANNIES!



THIS PLACE IS FULL OF  
BOXES AND CRATES—  
WONDER WHAT'S IN  
THEM—AND ONE  
GUARD TO BE  
AROUND!

NOW—LET'S SEE... BRY-Y-Y!  
W-WHAT IT --- BOMBS ---  
MACHINE GUNS ---  
EXPLOSIVES --- WELL ---  
I'LL BE --- !!



HANDS UP, MOUNTIE—AND GET  
AWAY FROM THOSE BOXES!!  
CHON—BE LAUGH ABOUT IT  
OR I'LL DRILL YUH!



I FIGURED  
YOU WERE  
HIDDEN UP  
IN THIS  
SOMEHOW,  
SAM!!

NEVER MIND  
THAT—YOU'LL  
NEVER GET  
OUT OF HERE  
ALIVE, MOUNTIE!



YOU SEE, COPPER—THIS  
STUFF IS BROUGHT HERE  
BY FISHING BOATS AFTER  
I SIGNAL THEM THE COAST  
IS CLEAR—SOME FOREIGN  
NATION IS MIGHTY  
INTERESTED IN  
WHEN WE GET  
ENOUGH  
THEY'LL STEP  
IN—HAP!!



MEANWHILE, REYNOLDS HAS  
MANAGED TO GET NEAR A  
LOOSE BOARD—SUDDENLY,  
HE STEPS ON IT—



THE BOARD CAME UP WITH  
GREAT FORCE AND CATCHES  
SAM OFF GUARD—

SAM DROPS HIS GUN, BUT  
LUNGES AT REYNOLDS—



IT'S NO USE  
RUNNING—  
I'LL GET  
YOU!



YOU'LL  
NEVER GET  
ME, MOUNTIE—  
SO LONG!!

YOU MISSED AGAIN,  
MOUNTIE—HA—HA—I'M  
GONE UP THE RIVER—  
MAYBE YOU'D LIKE  
TO JOIN ME—HA—HA!!



BUT SAM IS ALREADY IN  
THE BOAT—HE'S GONE—  
THE MOUNTIE STANDS UP ON THE SHORE.



REYNOLDS  
LURKS  
BACK TO  
THE HIDE-  
OUT  
A FEW  
MINUTES  
LATER HE  
AND RED  
ARE  
FLYING  
UP THE  
RIVER IN  
PURSUIT  
OF SAM-





# BARREL ROLLS AND TAIL SPINS

By A. L. Allen

"Jeez!" exploded Ted Storm on breath he'd been holding for a long while. "There's going to be airplane questions all around me in less time than it takes a horse to get 'hoo-hoo'. Think maybe I'd better depart elsewhere."

But he didn't depart. He let his horse, unable to see his fascinated gaze away as he watched the plane lift and climb. Lift just as it seemed due to crash up against a line of stubby tree-punks growing thick beside the fence that enclosed a few acres of cleared land.

He galloped up the fence and started to ride off down the road. But somewhere he couldn't stop watching this crazy flyer who seemed determined to impress himself as a bright spring morning. Up it went again in a spiraling climb. So high it was only a dim speck in the clear air. Then—

"Depart! Here she comes! And this time the wings won't get so close with him all the way."

Down, down, down! Like a humming, singing bullet. Straight for the little patch of cleared land. Ted could feel his eyes closing as that he wouldn't see the crash. But they didn't quite close, and he saw the plane straighten out, level off just as there was more the side of trees and made for an smooth and gentle a down-pitch landing as you'd want to see.

This was too much for Ted. He got off his horse and strolled out on the hand-hitched-up field. Maybe this guy was a stranger in these parts and needed to be told a few things.

"Thought I'd come out and help pick up the pieces," he quavered as a balanced figure climbed out of the cockpit of the wee little ship.

A line of white teeth appeared in the aluminum face. "Sit around. Might be able to use you later. Going up again as soon as I can get some more gas."

"You know," Ted couldn't help pointing to his ear. "That's a pretty good flying field," he added across

the road. "and they don't take kindly to airplanes strutting over their field."

"So I found out. They warned me off when I first flew over. But it's O.K. now," he added with a satisfied look at his hand. "Dad bought this little patch of land for me and I wish pretty close about it." He chuckled. "Come Uncle Sam doesn't care if I land my neck on my own land. Like to come for a trip?" he asked and grinned.

"Well, I'm pretty well satisfied with my neck the way it is but . . ." Ted decided he didn't like that grin. The fellow thought he was afraid. Well, he was. But he was damned if he'd let this dude get away with it. "I've got to be on my way now . . . maybe sometime . . . You live around here? Or over there?"

"Oh yes. Name's Watson—Dave Watson. Dad's retired. Likes the sun, the shore down here. Thinks he'd like to raise a son or two, so he bought the old Hayworth ranch." He pointed and looked at Ted with that very grin again. "Come over again with Dad that I'm crazy and don't want to risk yourself with me, huh?"

This got under. Nobody was going to make Ted down for a coward. He raked down the side of his white-brimmed hat and waved for the plane. "Come on, let's get going. I've got things to do, we don't make it too long. And . . ." He looked Dave straight in the eye. "No funny business. Straight flying I'll take. But I don't want any barrel rolls and spins. And I don't want to be left hanging in pieces on the top of those trees."

Dave laughed, climbed into the cockpit and gave a the gun.

The next time they flew upwards over the little field they began to climb, spiraling in great gentle helices. Then, so suddenly that Ted didn't realize what was happening, the ship started into a loop.

Ted's stomach hit the top of his head. Then the braked further until

hanging on his arm came up and smacked him squarely in the face. Just then the ship straightened out in a swift gliding level. Ted could not see the figure up in front was almost controlled with laughter. With the speed of lightning his snout flared. Before he knew what he was doing he had reversed the quip in his hand and brought the heavy landing and down smack on the balanced head on lines of him. Dave sagged, his hands loosened from the controls. His head tipped over to one side in a crazy angle and the ship started to dive.

"Oh good Lord! What have I done?" Ted thought panic stricken. He braced himself as the ship spun downward in uncontrolled wild descent. From that on Ted never knew what happened. Ted consciousness returned to him as they leveled off and came to a abrupt stop on the rough turf of the field.

Dave was out of the ship, sprawling and yelling. " . . . trying to get me both killed. What do you mean . . ."

Ted wasn't listening. Slowly he climbed out, straightened his long swirling hair. Gradually he was lifted and moved like a ball tossed around on the face of the sprawling flyer. Walking slowly toward him Ted began. "I told you I'd take straight flying. I don't take you . . ."

With nervous restraint, Dave began to laugh. "I guess we're even now," he managed between rips of laughter. In spite of himself Ted laughed too. All anger and resentment was wiped from their minds and faces and he knew Ted left for home they were fast friends and Ted had promised to come back tomorrow for a ride with "no barrel rolls and no roll-overs."

The next afternoon they flew things like over a thickly wooded section about half a mile beyond Dave's teaching field. He braked near the side of the cockpit and pointed downward. Ted got the idea and looked down.

After they had landed Dave straight



"Now that place I pointed out to you? I've been all around that chunk of iron on fire and I'll be damned if you can even find a trail leading into it but you can, didn't you, there's a house hidden among the trees. Somebody lives there too. I've seen people coming out of the chimney. Know something about it?"

"I've I do," said Ted. Used to be a hunter's hang-out. But there's been no one living there for several years."

"Well there's somebody living there now, or there wouldn't be smoke coming out of the chimney."

"Yeah," Ted admitted. "There's some men that's camping out there. And both have damaged the machine."

Several days later Ted said to Dave: "I was down here early this morning and I've got a hunch that someone's been harvesting your place at night."

"You're crazy!" roared Dave. "Nobody lives there around here except the fellows at the Flying Cloud, and they must be pretty well fed up with living during the daytime."

"Maybe so," Ted admitted. "But I found a little last night and there were wheel tracks and foot prints in front of the hangar this morning."

But Dave only laughed and said Ted it was his imagination and to forget about it.

Ted stopped talking about it but he didn't forget it. He came back shortly after daylight the next morning and proved that he had been right. The plane had been up the night before. The motor was still warm.

Both boys were concerned with the mystery and curiosity but could find no answer as to who was using the plane. Finally they gave up, but Ted had plans. That night he carried them out.

Just after dark he took his horse at a safe distance away, crept silently around the little open hangar and climbed into the back seat of the plane. He was, however, nervous. He didn't like to wait. Soon he heard voices, fainter voices on the hill, and ground.

Two men came into the hangar and began to adjust the ship on the wall. Ted heard murmur of conversation.

"... tonight."

"I've got the plane and tonight's the payoff. I want the pilot just over the border, he knows where the dough and that's that. I had back here, we talk and then wait in apparent discussion."

"Yeah. And you better be sure not to leave your sense of direction. Wouldn't like to have us show you all over the world to get an exit. But the world's not such a big place after all. Don't say any more stuff. I'll tell you if you do."

They were out on the field, one of the men had climbed into the forward cockpit and before Ted had time to realize the predicament he was in, the engine had been turned up and they were in the air heading due west.

Ted was scared stiff. What was he going to do? His brain seemed to cramp up in his body. It wouldn't work. But somehow he had to figure this thing out. Before he could think of a solution they were dropping down—landing. He could feel the plane settle, bump gently over rough terrain.

He dared not raise his head to look out. He heard men running, caught murmur of conversation. The pilot climbed out and the engine and was trailed away. After what seemed hours of waiting Ted heard footsteps returning. Then a voice close to the ship:

"Good job, Harris. You've got the dough and we've got the plane," he laughed. "Looks like Uncle Sam has given us the specifications for the machine with job of a bomber they've ever had. Thanks a lot and good luck to you. Don't spend your money all in one place."

There was laughter and Ted felt the plane shake slightly as the man Harris climbed back into the cockpit.

The plane took off, ground skinned and headed east. Ted was still trying to get his wretched brain to work out the problem when he suddenly realized that they were no longer flying eastward but had turned sharply to the north. This was no time to think. Action was demanded.

Bracing himself up in the rear seat, Ted acted. Remembering the worst that about flying from his wrist, he leaned over, rummaged the machine heavy and into the back of the pilot and said: "Take care, brother, now act. Head

right back to where you started from and no lower horizon."

The pilot's head stiffened, turned slightly, but it did him no good. In the low dark far time to see, as he simply closed his eyes and headed east.

As the little field came in sight Ted said: "Sit her down."

The pilot got her down. And other things began to happen. Out from the little hangar rushed a group of men—some in uniforms and with drawn guns. Dave was in the middle of them. Searchlight flared. Ted and the pilot climbed out. Mumbled words snapped in Harris and the pilot's ears. Ted had heard the explanation Dave was offering. He had been suspicious too and had come out in the field and found the ship gone. Working on a hunch he had crossed the road and spoken to the officer in charge. The rest was now to figure out.

"That was the plane?" Ted asked. "That gang in Mexico have the plane?"

"Don't worry about them," an officer laughed. "They won't be that much good. We don't have important plane being around to be picked up. We were suspicious of one of our men before and we rounded him up tonight, but if it hadn't been for you boys we might not have gotten that other one. Don't worry about those fellows in Mexico. We'll get them too—thanks to the chap who knows how to use the machine and all a trick."

READ WHIPPING WILLS IN THE HERALD GOLF OF PA. TURN CHURCH—ON LATE 66. CHURCH 27TH





IT IS THE FINAL ROUND OF BENTON'S BOUT WITH THE BIG CARBONAL STRONG MAN... IF BENTON CAN LAST THIS FOURTH ROUND HE WINS \$1000!



BENTON IS ENDED BY THE ROLL TACTICS AND HE NOW FIGHTS WITH MAD FURY...



SAY, IT TOOK YOU LONG ENOUGH TO RING THAT BELL, BROTHER! I'VE BEEN WAITING NOW! YOU KEEP TIME?



THIS IS A FINE THING, BENTON! JUST TO WIN A HUNDRED BUCKS YOU SO AND HURT A HAND!



HERE'S A DOCTOR—LET'S GO IN AND SEE HIM—



HMM—YOU BROKE A SMALL BONE—THAT HAND SHOULD BE PUT IN A CAST!



BUT I NEED MONEY AND I GOTTA FIGHT! I'LL THINK OVER THE CAST BUSINESS!



NO—UNLESS YOU PUT ON THE CAST THE CASE IS OUT OF MY HANDS—YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE THEN!!



BUT BENTON IS FORCED TO LIE DOWN WITH THE HAND... SUSH! IF IT WEREN'T FOR THIS HAND I'D HAVE STOOD A GOOD CHANCE OF EARNING THAT \$1000 I NEEDED FOR THE RANCH!



WHY? SISTER JUDY! SORRY I'M BLAD T'SEE YOU—



SAY, WHAT'S GOING ON? IS IT MONEY TROUBLE WITH THE RANCH—



JUDY, TO PROVE IT ISN'T MONEY TROUBLE, I'LL STEP OUT RIGHT NOW AND HAVE A GOOD TIME!



THERE! NOW'S THAT! ISN'T THAT THE SHELLEST MEAL IN TEXAS? JUDY, YOUR BROTHER HAS STRUCK IT RICH WITH BOXIN' GLOVES!



PST—WHO'S THIS MAN COMING NOW?



WHA, BENTON? WHO'S THAT I SIT DOWN?



OH, JUDY—WE'RE LEAVING! WE'LL EAT SOMEWHERE ELSE—



WHA! HE'S JEALOUS OF THE GUY!



MY BROTHER ISN'T POOLING ME BY THESE TREATS—AM GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT HE'S WORRYING ABOUT.



AND THAT MAN WHO SAT AT OUR TABLE LAST NIGHT WAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT—THAT'S WHY BROTHER AVOIDED HIM!



OH, DEAR—THERE'S THAT SAME MAN NOW! HE COULD NO DOUBT TELL ME—



HMM—IF IT ISN'T BENTON'S GUY, I CAN—





# SLIM and TUBBY

JOHN W. MATH

AS BENTON'S FIGHTER IS ABOUT TO FIGHT THE MAN WHO TRIED TO GET ASSAULTED THE NIGHT BEFORE...



WHY—I'D HAVE MET LAST EVENING IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOUR BOY FRIEND.



OH—SO THAT'S YOUR FIGHT PROMOTER / AND AM I COMING OUT WITH HIM— I'LL FIND WHAT MY BROTHER'S TROUBLE IS.



WELL, TUBBY— HAVE YOU MET SLIM ROUNDOUT ANYTHING ABOUT WHAT JOE PUT HIS UP HIS SLEEVE?



WE DON'T WANT YOU TO SIGN WITH HIM ANY MORE, BENTON! HE KNOWS HE'S PHONEY!



MY HAND IS GETTING BETTER AND THAT NOTE ON THE RANCH IS SOON DUE—SO I GOTTA EARN MONEY!



WE FIRST—COULD YOU GET BENTON A FIGHT AGAIN IN A FEW WEEKS?



BOY! FIRST I DATE UP BENTON'S GAL— AN' NOW I'M GONNA GET A CHANCE TO SHOW HIM RIGHT FOR HIS MONEY ON THE NEXT FIGHT!



YOU SEEM VERY HAPPY ME FIRST— DID YOU PUT OVER A ONE PEAL TODAY?



HEY JOE— MAY I BE SMILE IN SUCH A GUY MANNER THERE OKAY?



SO WHAT? YOU DIDN'T NEARLY GET BACK WHAT YOU LOST THE LAST TIME WHEN YOU BET ON THE OTHER GUY!



BETTER STICK TO PROMOTING BOUTS—AND NOT BETTING!



HOWDY BENTON— I'M PLEAS'D MEET SPIDER— JOE, I WANT SIMPSON— A WORD WITH YOUR NEXT— YOU'VE GOT A VICTIM!



HEY! THE SIMPSON LOST HIS LAST TEN DOLLARS— HE'S NO MATCH FOR ME!



FINE! IF I WIN I GET ALL— IF I LOSE I GET NOTHING!



Slam and Tubby is continued in the February issue of FEATURE COMICS.









THE DIRECTOR SAYS BRADSHAW'S GOING  
TO REPAIR THE AIRPORT. BUT HE SAYS HE'S  
NOT GOING. I SAY HE'S GOING TO GET A PAID  
A YEAR EARLIER, DON'T YOU?



WELL, HE SAYS HE'S GOING TO  
REPAIR THE AIRPORT. BUT HE SAYS HE'S  
NOT GOING. I SAY HE'S GOING TO GET A PAID  
A YEAR EARLIER, DON'T YOU?



MR. BRADSHAW'S GOING  
TO GET THE AIRPORT  
REPAIRED.



THEY'RE THE OTHERS IN  
THE AIRPORT. HE SAYS  
HE'S GOING TO GET A PAID  
A YEAR EARLIER, DON'T YOU?

I SAYS HE'S GOING TO  
REPAIR THE AIRPORT. BUT HE SAYS  
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A YEAR EARLIER, DON'T YOU?



















# TODDY

JOHN H. MCDONALD













# NIPPIE

NIPPIE—  
DON'T  
FOOL  
WITH  
THAT  
MACHINE!



AW, SOMETIMES  
YOU CAN GET  
A PIECE OF  
BLIM THIS  
WAY!



BUT THE MAN  
WHO RUNS  
THE STORE  
MIGHT SEE  
YOU!



DON'T  
WORRY,  
HE  
WON'T  
CATCH  
ME—



STOP CRYING! I'LL GET YOUR  
HAND  
OUT—



## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

THAT WAS A MEAN  
TRICK HOULIHAN  
PULLED ON  
YOUR UNCLE  
PHIL AT THE  
HALLOWEEN PARTY,  
MICKEY—



YES, BUT  
UNCLE  
PHIL SAYS  
HE'LL  
GET  
EVEN!

HOULIHAN,  
HAVE YOU  
SEEN PHIL  
SINCE YOU  
TRICKED  
HIM?



NO—BUT HE'LL  
HARTS BE AT  
OUR CHARITY  
BOONS SHOW  
TONIGHT—HE'S  
CHAIRMAN!

AND I WANT YOU TO  
GIVE ME TWO SEATS RIGHT  
NEXT TO HOULIHAN—AS  
LONG AS HE AIN'T BRIBIN'  
HIS WIFE, THAT'S WHERE  
I WANTA SIT!



WELL, WHY WOUL'D YA  
LIKE TO GO TO  
THE BOON SHOW?  
MY LOOKS IS  
GIVIN'—



WHY I'D  
LOVE  
IT!

AIN'T YOU  
GOING  
TO SIT  
WITH  
ME?



I'LL BE BACK—  
THERE'S SOME  
DETAILS I MUST  
TAKE CARE OF!

SAY—I THOUGHT  
YOU'D LIKE TO  
KNOW THE NAMES  
OF MEMBERS  
SITTIN' AT THE  
RINGSIDE—



SURE—I'LL  
MENTION  
'EM ON  
THE AIR!

—AND THERE'S MR.  
HOULIHAN, OUR LOOKS  
PRESIDENT—HE JUST  
CAME IN—



WHO'S THAT  
BLONDE NEXT  
TO HIM—  
HIS  
WIFE?



YES! AND  
YOU'D DO  
ME A FAVOR  
IF YOU JUST  
REMARKED  
THAT SHE'S  
MINE  
WITH  
HIM!

WHY DIDN'T YOUR  
HUSBAND TAKE  
YOU TO THE  
CHARITY  
BOONS, MR.  
HOULIHAN?



HE SAID  
IT WAS  
NO PLACE  
FOR A LADY.  
OH—THEY'RE  
ON THE  
RADIO  
NOW—

—I ALSO SEE MR. HOULIHAN,  
PRESIDENT OF THE LOOKS  
IN A RINGSIDE SEAT—AND  
WITH HIM IS HIS CHARMING  
BLONDE WIFE, HEAVENS ONE  
OF THOSE CUTE  
LITTLE NIPS—



NAW! THAT  
WAS THE BEST  
FIGHT OF  
THE NIGHT!



WHAT'S  
TAKIN' YA  
AWAY SO SOON,  
HOULIHAN?

WAS YOUR  
CHARITY SHOW  
A SUCCESS  
LAST NIGHT,  
UNCLE PHIL?



OH YES!  
HE MORE  
LIKE THAN  
ONE HUNDRED  
—



**NIPPIE**



# MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD







## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD







## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



Follow Mickey Finn and Uncle Phil in the February issue of **FEATURE COMICS**.



# How Jimmy Got His Bike





WINTER...here we come!

Don't wait for the snow to fly and then just wish you could "show your heels" to the other boys and girls on your favorite sledding or skiing hill. Tell Dad and Mother, whether it's a sled or skis... that it's Flexible Flyer you want. But be sure to tell them now, for...

## It's Flexible Flyer Time

The new, streamlined Flexible Flyers are the smoothest, speediest, safest sleds ever made. They're just exactly what you want for Xmas. Flexible Flyers super-steering that gives a turning range double that of other sleds... and Flexible Flyer's Safety-Airline runners that do away with sharp edges, are safety features that will please Mother and Dad. And don't forget to remind Dad that Flexible Flyer was probably his favorite sled when he was your age.

Every boy and girl knows Flexible Flyer has been the finest in sleds... and so will Flexible Flyer be their name for the finest in skis.

The maker of Flexible Flyer sleds knows how to handle wood and metal so that they give greatest speed and safety in snow spaces. Flexible Flyer Skis are tops in quality and design. They'll put you out in front every time. Made in all sizes from the "beginners" to professionals.

S. L. ALLEN & COMPANY, INC.  
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## THE LUCKY BROTHERS



# Flexible Flyer

SLEDS and SKIS